

Submitted at regular rates.

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Raleigh, N.C.

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WRECK OF NUMBER THIRTY SIX

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The waiting passengers slept or lounged on the station benches or leaned against the trucks on the platform. The train from Alwood had long since arrived and was standing idly on the yards beside the main line. Occasionally some listless fellow would get up, yawn, and walk lazily up to the bulletin board and examine it for news of "No. 36". One could hear, now and then, the whimper of some sleepy child in the station. One of the women persisted in her interviews with the station agent for information as to when "No. 36" would arrive. It was late today-unusually late. What the cause was no one seemed to know. If even the station agent knew he artfully concealed such knowledge. Thirty six was generally on time but today it had been delayed somewhere south of Clenden. I, at last, went to the bulletin board and found it marked up "two hours late"